

THE WESLEYAN



THE WESLEYAN

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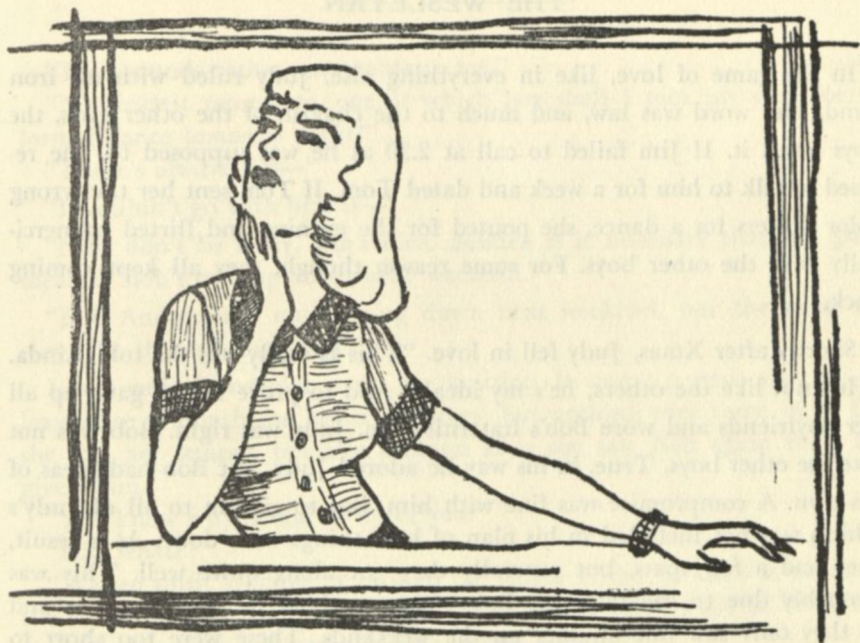
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Red Fury

By Pauline Mann

Someone should have written a book about what to do if you have a red-headed roommate, but since no one did, Linda had to figure it out for herself. The first week she tried ear plugs, but after she had missed a few phone calls because she couldn't hear when she was called, she resorted to knitting. That way she could weather the stormy blasts which were so characteristic of Judy, and as a result, she knitted Ralph two pairs of socks and a sleeveless sweater before Christmas.

Judy was really a dear. It was just that she was so typically a red-head. She had one viewpoint—her own, and it took very little to get her riled to the point of offering her antagonist a shovel and explaining in no uncertain terms where he could dig with it.

The first week she was at school, she had a stormy session with the dean as to why she should take Ancient History when English History would do just as well and "further more would count on her requirements". After the hour-long discussion, the rest of the freshmen class took Ancient History and Judy took English History.

In the game of love, like in everything else, Judy ruled with an iron hand. Her word was law, and much to the chagrin of the other girls, the boys loved it. If Jim failed to call at 2.30 as he was supposed to, she refused to talk to him for a week and dated Tom. If Tom sent her the wrong color flowers for a dance, she pouted for the evening and flirted unmercifully with the other boys. For some reason though, they all kept coming back.

Shortly after Xmas, Judy fell in love. "This is really it," she told Linda. "He's not like the others; he's my ideal." And to prove it, she gave up all her boyfriends and wore Bob's fraternity pin. Judy was right. Bob was not like the other boys. True, in his way he adored Judy, but Bob had ideas of his own. A compromise was fine with him, but to give in to all of Judy's whims was not included in his plan of how things were done. As a result, they had a few spats, but generally they got along quite well. This was probably due to the fact that Bob went to school in another town and so they only saw one another on the weekends. These were too short to waste arguing.

However, Linda was only mildly surprised when, one afternoon in late spring, Judy came tearing into the room waving a letter over her head and screaming, "I won't do it, I won't do it. Hades will freeze over before I ever speak to him again."

"Now, Judy, I don't know what Bob's done, but it can't be that bad."

"Can't be that *bad*? Of all the gall—the un-adulterated gall! He's got more than his share. Well, we'll see!"

The small girl looked at the letter in her lap and fairly shook with rage. Linda on the opposited bed picked up her knitting and viewed her roommate objectively for a moment or two. She had been through such tantrums over Bob before and placed this latest catastrophe in the same category.

"All right, Judy, give! What has he done that takes so much gall?"

"He's not coming."

"So? Maybe he couldn't get away!"

"Brilliant my dear Watson," Judy snorted, "but he could have told me sooner he wasn't coming."

"Maybe he didn't know."

"Didn't know?"

"You don't have to repeat everything I say."

"Well, he knew all right. He knew Monday when he wrote that letter he couldn't come, but he didn't bother to mail it till Wednesday. That's why he felt so cocksure. 'I know you want to go,' he said, 'so why don't you get another date?'"

"That sounds rather reasonable to me."

"My dearest roommate, out of which box shall I pick my date for the formal dance *tomorrow night*?"

"There's always Jim—"

"I wouldn't go with him if—"

"Now don't be nasty. Jim's nice. Besides, is it necessary that you go? I mean if Bob's coming down next weekend."

"Bob Anderson is *not* coming down next weekend, nor the next, nor ever! I'm through with him!"

Linda smiled and picked up her knitting. It wasn't a crisis after all. At least once a month she heard the story, but nothing ever came of it. Oh, she lost her temper, but five minutes after she saw Bob again she'd forgiven him.

"You know why he did it, don't you?"

"Did what?"

"Waited until Wednesday to mail the letter! 'Cause he knew it would be too late for me to get another date. That's exactly why he did it. Well, he's going to get fooled. What's Ralph's phone number?"

"Now wait just a minute there." Linda sat up and dropped a stitch. "You can borrow my best cashmere, my lipstick, and even my poodle-cloth coat, but no friendship requires that I loan you my boyfriend."

"I don't want Ralph. I'm going to ask Ralph to get me a date."

Linda's mouth formed a little "O". Things had never gone this far before. Maybe she'd better talk to her roommate.

But after three hours of steady talk, which included a few tears, a few oaths, and several resolutions, Judy was still determined to get a date. So they called Ralph on Saturday and Judy had a date.

Monday morning Judy packed up what letters—sweaters, ID bracelets, and pictures she had along with the fraternity pin and mailed them to Bob.

Linda was really worried now. She had a final coming up and if Bob and Judy weren't made up by then, she'd *never* pass this this test. But Judy was surprisingly quiet and Linda studied. It had long been her policy to let her roommate stew quietly, and then forget or forgive.

On the following Thursday Bob was at school and Judy refused to see him. On Friday he was still there, so she waved at him as she passed him in the date parlor on her way out with a 6' 2" brunette.

Saturday he left in a huff, and Judy had another date.

The first part of the next week was all right. Judy fully expected Bob to write and apologize and she had already decided to forgive him. She didn't enjoy dating the other boys anymore and Linda realized that for the first time in her life, Judy was really in love.

But no letter came from Bob. No phone calls came. He had made his effort to make amends and Judy had rejected him.

By the end of the week, Judy was in tears. "He's just being unfair," she wailed, "he could have written."

"*You could have written him,*" Linda reminded her, "after all, you're the one who decided to break up."

"Well, he didn't have to be so nasty about it."

"You could still write and apologize."

"I wouldn't write him if it snowed in July." Judy was screaming now and about to have a real tantrum. Linda picked up her knitting. "I hate, loathe, despise, and can't stand the ground he walks on!"

"You could forget about him," Linda suggested.

"I can't." Judy sobbed. "I love him." And two big tears squeezed past her eyelids and raced each down down the side of her nose.

Clearly, something had to be done. But what can you do when two people are in love and both are as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar? Certainly neither would make the first move, so Linda took matters into her own hands.

She called Bob's fraternity house and left word for him to call back at eight-thirty. Then she put a note to Judy on the door saying that she had a long distance call and that the operator would call again at eight-thirty.

At eight-thirty sharp, the phone rang and at nine o'clock, a happy Judy walked out of the phone booth and began planning what she would wear that weekend when Bob came.

There was only one discrepancy—Somehow, Judy and Bob neither one realized that the other one hadn't called. But because it was such a good cause, the hall chipped in and secretly paid the bill.

As for Judy and Bob, she took his pin again, started going to summer school, and now they're living in a little white house in Florida. Bob is "wearing the pants in the family" and as for Judy whenever she loses her temper, she knits!

BROKEN CHINA

Will you return, and help me find

The cracked and broken china of my soul?

Or must I through my tears, clasp each piece tight

And realize that my goal

Will never now be reached?

For one piece lies far out of sight,

Somewhere, in the darkening night,

My heart lies in your hand.

—Joan Shapiro

Dear Diary

By MARIANNE COGGIN

February 20

Dear Diary,

I'm worried. I mean, really! Today I had a little chat with my advisor (Miss Higgins, you know). And the results of this three-hour bundle of remarks were, to say the absolute least, calamitous!

Do you realize, my sad, little accomplice, that with nearly two years of college behind me, I *still* have not decided what I'm going to major in? Well, as Miss Higgins so tactfully put it—something has *got* to be done! But what? As you know, diary, even before now, I haven't completely ignored this matter. Why, I've spent literally thousands of hours worrying and stewing over it. What else *can* I do?

Truly, diary, I feel positively beastly, but I must try to get some sleep. I may need all my strength in the days to come.

Marie

February 25

Dear Diary,

I did it. I *finally* found my calling! And guess what it is—fashion illustration! Yes, that's what I'm going to major in. And, you know, now that I think about it, I wonder why I didn't realize all along what a really wonderful field this is. But the fact is, I never thought I had so much artistic talent until today. Then, dear diary, when Mrs. Ross said that about my geometric design, the light began to dawn! Oh, I don't guess she actually said so *much*, just that my drawing seemed to show an "inherent sense of balance". Even then, until I looked that word, inherent, up in the dictionary, I didn't know whether or not I really had talent. But it seems I honestly must! Oh, just think! what a sophisticated field—and so much *money*!

Well, got to go to bed now, and dream about my future! Sorry I skipped so many days but until tonight, I was so worried I could hardly even bring myself to play bridge.

Marie

P.S. Miss Higgins was very relieved.

Dear Diary,

I had my first class in creative art today. My teacher is a man! And quite blase, too, just the way I had imagined an artist would be. He doesn't seem to be too overwhelmed by my talent though. Oh well, I guess I *have* got a few things to learn.

Nightie night

Marie

March 4

Dear Diary,

I dropped my creative art course today. I also dropped my fashion illustration major. Seems my talent lies in still another direction, although which I can't decide. I *may* even end up majoring in Sociology or something equally as vile. Oh well, I doubt I'll sleep a wink tonight. I'm absolutely desolate.

Marie

March 6

Dear Diary,

The most perfectly terrific thing happened today! I got back *two* themes in English and made *A* on both of them! So evidently I *do* have a talent for writing. You just don't get grades like that for nothing!

Well, anyway it was the changing point of my life, for now I know what I'm going to major in—journalism! And I've really thought it over this time, diary. It's for sure! I've even arranged to take an extra course in it.

O, just think how exciting the life of a reporter! And maybe I'll even be like Marguerite Higgins and get to go over to Korea or some place. Oh, it's going to be *so* wonderful! I honestly can't think of any easier way to make money—and I've escaped sociology again!

Goodnight,

Marie Coleman, reporter

P.S. Miss Higgins' reaction to all this rather disappointed me.

March 20

Dear Diary,

I just can't understand it! I'm a failure! I can't even write, or so my journalism teacher informs me. Oh, he didn't say it in those exact words; he just said that, as of today, I have a D average in journalism. And then when I asked him what chance I had of improving—he didn't say *anything*!

Diary, I actually feel suicidal! Needless to say, this calls for another change of major. All my friends are laughing at me *already*. Even my roommate! I really can't go like this much longer.

P.S. Talked to Miss Higgins just awhile ago and she was no help either. She actually seemed annoyed with me!

Marie

March 22

Dearest, Beloved Diary,

I take it all back—every, single terrible word I said against sociology! Why, it's the most interesting and completely fascinating major I've ever heard of! I spent this whole afternoon doing nothing but discussing it with Lora Vinson—she's a senior, you know, and plans to get married right after graduation—and if anybody knows anything about sociology, *Lora* does!

At any rate, she sure did convince me! Oh, diary, just *think* of all the opportunities! Lora says she *never* studied! And so to sleep—

Marie

P.S. I have a new advisor now. Miss Higgins had a nervous breakdown—seems she'd been working too hard, poor thing!

By Marianne Coggin

It's A Small World

By NANCY McCLELLAN

It is indeed a small world. I suppose each person thinks that his experience bearing out this familiar statement is the most amazing one. I do.

Nearly eighteen years ago the cries of two tiny babies could be heard from the upstraits of Mayonia, the home of Nathan Mayo, the Florida Commissioner of Agriculture. One cry belonged to me; the other, to Eleanor Gravely, Mr. Mayo's granddaughter.

At that time my dad was a school teacher in the small town of Summerfield. Even as late as 1936 teachers boarded in private homes. Mayonia became his temporary home.

By way of explanation as to the reason Dad lived in Summerfield and Mom and "newly arrived me" lived in Lakeland, which was the case, there was then a state law prohibiting husband and wife teaching in the same county. Mom, too, was an educator.

So it was as Mayonia visitors—Eleanor to her grandparents and I to my Dad—that fate first cast us together.

As close as we were, we held not the slightest interest for each other. Friendship and companionship meant nothing in our young world where food, comfort and a beginning awareness of Mother were the only important factors.

In the years that followed Dad spoke of the Mayos many times but never mentioned my first contemporary. We frequently drove through Summerfield, during summer vacations wanting to stop to visit but the time of day or a limited amount of time in which to reach our destination preventing us. Any one of these times Eleanor might have been there visiting her grandparents.

As it was we knew nothing of one another until we each received a card from the Wesleyan registrar's office bearing one another's name. We were to be roommates once more!

This time we are definitely interested—Eleanor in me and I, in her. Perhaps we won't let years of lost contact pass like that again. Our initial meeting in the form of a crying duet afforded a grand opening line and we have discovered that we are alike in more mature interests, also. You see, it is a small world.

INTERLUDE

Like the screech of a tire and a brake
Amidst the low, monotonous rumble of city sounds
It came—
Piercing, cutting its way into life—
An interlude.
A few words across a checked tablecloth—
Substanceless words, but thoughts swimming clear, bright
Like goldfish in a dark pond.
A flash of yellow, a dry poplar leaf
Against my face, against my face, before my eyes;
Then falling away, losing itself in the color covering the ground.
A pause like twilight that merges the day with the night
And is born of neither.
A harp note high, sharp, vibrating
In the long sigh of a violin theme.
A flash of lightning in a cloudless night
And two minds rush together and strike fire from the air—
A momentary spark.
Yet do these things pass away,
Or do they stay caught as a blue jay's feather in a spider web—
Separate in color and form—
Caught in memory's mesh of the mind?
Only for one, only for one,
Do they only for one remain there,
Or will someday those minds rush together again
On a street, on a train or across a checked tablecloth—
Forced together again—
And a laugh of recognition
And lightning cutting, piercing repeat its pattern in the air?

—Jean Thrasher



Genius Wanted

By Jean Thrasher

The tyger had roamed the jungle for many centuries. Then one day he said to himself, "I think I'll emigrate. Everyone else is going urban so I'll just brush up my striped leggings and make a stab at it too. I think I'll start with London."

London it was, but no one noticed him at all—not the high society or the rock-bottom, not-a-shilling-in-the-pants society. Everyone was too busy with the empire and the cost of mutton.

Then one day the tyger was strolling down by the Thames. He spotted a man sitting on the bank. The tyger straightened his shoulder pads and sauntered right on to Mr. William Blake: "Rraww," he said in his best over-a-spot-of-tea manner.

Blake, who was daydreaming as was his custom always of the morning, noon and night, dropped suddenly out of his mystic meandering and nearly toppled into the Thames.

"Egad, don't burn quite so bright in my direction, would you," he said to the tyger.

The tyger was so ecstatic that he conjured up his best grin. Blake shuddered. Then he took a pencil out of his pocket and began to line up his sights on the gorgeous creature.

"You are certainly a handsome chap," said Blake. "You are a symbol. I would have spotted you anywhere."

The tyger vibrated appreciatively. He had never been called a symbol before. "What am I a symbol of?" he asked proudly.

"Oh, almost anything. That's the way it is with symbols, you know. They can sometimes be rather involved. You are the universal type. If I had a lamb to match you with you could be contrasted as experience and innocence, life and death, good and evil, chaos and order. You are a very thought-provoking chap. In fact, I think I'll write a poem about you."

When the tyger read Blake's poem, he growled happily because it caught the beauty in his ferocity. It went like this:

"Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry? . . .

"When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? . . ."

The tyger and William Blake walked the streets of London together. They caused many a carriage jam on their daily promenades. And everyone, who before had not noticed the tyger, looked at him and exclaimed, "That's William Blake's tyger. Isn't his fearful symmetry just the height of fashion."

Then one day in 1827 William Blake said to his tyger, "Look here, old fellow, I hate to be a promenade-pooper, but I'm a little tired." The next day Blake died, and the tyger was rudely pushed out of the little nest of notoriety he had made for himself. No one recognized him anymore.

The tyger finally went to the library, curled up in *Songs of Experience*, and pulled the pages over him. He was determined to hibernate.

Many times during the following years he was caught taking a catnap by a college student. Sometimes he was jabbed with a pencil, and his stripes were smeared with fingerprints.

One day a man named Mark Schorer came in and nudged the tyger with his fountain pen. "My dear Mr. Blake's tyger, would you mind disclosing the secret of your longevity?"

"Certainly not," answered the tyger, pulling his eyebrow down over his right eye like a tassel. " 'The Tyger' can be read in many ways—as the simple opposition of innocence and experience; as the paradox of the creation of Christianity, the antithesis of spirit and matter, love and wrath, good and evil; as the expression of delight and awe before the magnitude and variety of creation . . ."

Mr. Schorer scribbled down the tyger's comments. He said he was going to put them in a book. He did. It's all in *William Blake, The Politics of Vision* on page 251.

When the bok was brought into the library, the tyger almost fractured the binding laughing.. You see, he knew Mr. Schorer had a collaborator, but "William Blake's Tyger" would have looked silly printed on the title page.

Another man came in and checked out Blake's poems. The tyger peeped at the card, and the name was T. S. Eliot.

When Mr. Eliot got home with the book, the tyger crawled out and yawned. Eliot rubbed his back. "Nice pussy, when did you wander in?" Thereupon the tyger nipped him gently on the forefinger.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or a goblin damn'd." (Hamlet, Act 1, sc.iv, lines 39-4).

"Be thou T. S. Eliot, as I think you are, or William Shakespeare, as I'm sure you're not?" the tyger answered.

"Thomas Stearns Eliot," the man announced sonorously. "I intend to write an essay on William Blake showing how lack of religious tradition in his environment hampered the fullest expression of his genius."

"Look, you write the essay. I'll just sit by the radiator and try to sweat some of this London fog out of my system."

"You don't sound very interested in literature for a literary figure."

"Of course, I am but I'm not a writer. I'm a symbol. Let me know if you need one."

Eliot wrote his essay that was later published in *The Sacred Wood*, pages 137-143. The tyger listened to the first draft, but he wasn't as cultured as he had pretended to be to Mr. Schorer. Eliot was a genius, and who can argue with a genius. Everyone knows they have sharper teeth than tigers. Then one day Eliot was writing a poem called "Gerontion" 'for his 1920 volume of poems. He had gotten as far as lines 17-20,

"We would see a sign!"

The word within a word, unable to speak a word,
Swaddled with darkness. In the juvencence of the year
Came Christ . . . "

He stopped writing.

"What's the matter? Did you have one too many mixed metaphors before dinner?" asked the tyger.

"I need a symbol."

"Well, here I am burning straight at you."

"All right, you'll do."

And the tyger did so. Eliot ended ". . . Came Christ the tiger . . ." The tyger was the symbol of Christ and His redemptive fire. Of course, Gerontion was lost anyway because he could not reach the life-giving fire.

The tyger smoothed his sideburns proudly, but he was not sure Eliot's tiger was Blake's tyger. He asked Elizabeth Drew about it. She was always spouting from her book, *T. S. Eliot: The Design of His Poetry*. This time

she flipped pages 51 and 52 over in her mind and came up with, "He (Blake) saw the tiger as the symbol of the union of the creator and his creation; the symbol of the energy of the creator expressing itself in all forms of physical incarnation." She also said that Eliot's "Swaddled in darkness" was an echo of Blake's "In the forests of the night."

The tyger was overjoyed because once again he was an active symbol.

A few days later T. S. Eliot got an overdue notice from the library. Now he had taken books out of so many libraries on so many continents that he didn't know where to send Blake's book. He packed up the tyger in the book and sent them both to America.

Robert Nathan found the tyger in the New York Public Library. He took him home because he thought he would be a fine playmate for his publisher's dog, Tapiola.

The tyger was disconsolate. He sat licking his paws and moaning that Robert Nathan wasn't a poet. He was certain he would never be a symbol again.

One day when Nathan was writing page 55 of *Tapiol's Brave Regiment*, the tyger ambled in with tears running down his plump, furry cheeks.

"Now don't you look ridiculous," said Nathan. "What's wrong?"

"All my burning will tarnish if I'm not used."

"Then I'll use it."

And he did. He wrote a speech for Tapiola.

" . . . For each city is a way of life, different from every other way. And we must respect a way of life even if it is not our own. Beauty has many faces; the tiger also was shaped by an immortal hand and eye, according to the poet, Mr. Blake. I should not like to live in the jungle amidst the thickets of bamboo; but that is the proper spot for Tigers, who feel out of place under the sofa at Mrs. Poppel's."

The tyger liked being a symbol of beauty—not everyday beauty, but the beauty of uncommon things—customs, languages, clothes, ideas, etc. However, he realized he would never again feel at home under the sofa, so he trekked to California. The thought his bright personality would fit in fine with California sunlight.

The tyger was pacing the beach at Santa Monica when he accidentally threw sand in a man's face. The man raised up and shouted with mixed anger and foreboding. He wasn't accustomed to seeing such ill-mannered tygers on the beach.

Soon the two of them were talking about books and social conditions. The tyger said, "Mr. John Steinbeck, would you do me the honor of writing a few words about me?"

Now Steinbeck had written about grapes, pearls, buses and moons, but he had never written about a tyger. He took the tyger home and finally thought up the plot of *Burning Bright*.

What Steinbeck wanted to say was that life continues and in that unbroken thread there is hope. The tyger said it for him. In fact, he felt awed at himself for attempting to symbolize such a big idea.

Steinbeck wrote these words for Joe Saul to say on page 158.

"Look down, Here lies sleeping, to teach me. Our dear race, born without courage but very brave, born with a flickering intelligence and yet with beauty in its hands. What animal has made beauty, created it, save only we? With all our horrors and our faults, somewhere in us there is a shining. That is the most important of all facts. *There is a shining.*"

The tyger said to Steinbeck, "Steiny, you're a genius. You have combined life, love, beauty, and the ability of man to create both good and evil in one symbol. I am the symbol. I am the spirit in man's soul that will always keep the world revolving, even if it does tip on its axis now and then. I promise never to throw sand in your face again."

And he never did.

Steinbeck decided to visit Beverly Hills, and he took the tyger with him. Now the tyger had lived in New York, but most of the time he stayed under the sofa with Tapiola. He just didn't know about traffic.

They were walking along the street when a man rode up on a bicycle. He saw the tyger, lost his balance and almost fell in front of an ice cream truck.

The tyger stayed behind Steinbeck to dust off William Saroyan with his tail.

Saroyan looked up and said, "I'm a genius, and you're a symbol. We could write such a beautiful book together."

"You don't look like a genius," answered the tyger in a shocked voice. "What's a genius doing riding a bicycle?"

"Why that's why I am a genius. Balance, you know."

"In that case, I'll be glad to cooperate."

Saroyan told the tyger about William Tracy, a character he invented who would just love to have an invisible tyger, that was really a black panther, except Tracy thought it was a tyger.

The tyger unravelled himself from the syntax and informed Saroyan that he didn't know what else he was talking about, but that he would never consider being invisible. Finally they made an agreement that the tyger would be invisible for only half of the book.

Now the tyger loved people, so Saroyan used the tyger as a symbol of love. The tyger gave people love, and love gave them happiness—that is, if they recognized love and were not afraid of it. The psychiatrist in *Tracy's Tiger* says just the things the tyger would have liked to say. It's on pages 73-74.

"(Do I understand) psychiatry, no. People—little bit. Little, little, bit. Every year, every day—less, less, less. Why? People is difficult. People is people. People is fun, play, imagination, magic. Ah ha. People is pain, people is hurt *people*, is kill, is kill self. Where is fun, where is play, where is imagination, where is magic? Psychiatry I hate. People I love. Mad people, beautiful people, hurt people, sick people, broke people, in pieces people, I love, I love. Why? Why is lost from people, fun, play, imagination, magic? What for? Ah ha. Money? . . . I think so. Money. Is love, this money, Is beauty, this money, Is fun, this money. Where is money. I do not know. No more fun. Work, now. Work. Tiger. Tiger."

One hot afternoon the tyger went to the drug store with Saroyan's son, Aram, for some ice cream, the kind that came in trucks that ran down bicycle riders. The tyger wandered over to the lunch counter and rubbed against a man's leg.

The man looked down terrified. In fact, he was so terified he spilled half of his chocolate milk shake on the tyger's pin-striped suit. The tyger was angry at first.

Then the man laughed and said, "You'd make a perfect epitaph for an explorer. You know, 'Tiger, tiger, my mistake. I thought that you were William Blake.'"

The man laughed, and the tyger laughed. And the man's name was Ogden Nash. He published the couplet in *Versus* on page 82.

The latest episode in the eventful life of Mr. Blake's tyger is explained by a want ad that has appeared in several metropolitan newspapers.

WRITER WANTED

Reputable writer wanted. Must be genius or near genius and adept in using symbols. Collaborator has worked with Eliot, Nathan, Steinbeck, Saroyan and Nash. Excellent opportunities for advancement.

Write Box B-272, this paper.

William Blake's Tyger

Portrait of Endymion

By Claire Dorsett

By the poet Theocritus,
The story was told,
Related in Greek,
A manner not bold.
It was told simply,
And without restraint,
Presented vividly,
As Girodet could paint
He painted a youth,
Slumbering still,
Lulled to sleep,
At Selene's own will.
He dreamed of love,
So cold and so sad,
And the moon knew,
As she kissed the lad.
She loved him dearly,
But could not speak,
With heavy heart,
She kissed his cheek.
"Such beauty to me,
"Is heartbroken joy,"
Whispered Selene,
As she kissed the boy.
"Come into my heaven,
"And be a star,
"Shine through the night,
"To others so far.
Have no fear,
My shepherd boy,
A star in God's Heaven,
"Knows nothing but joy."
Each day resigned,
She must hide,
And patiently wait,
For even-tide.
Patiently waiting,
Unable to weep,

THE WESLEYAN

Hoping soon,
 Her lover would sleep.
 She kissed him so sudden,
 The impulse came,
 An impulse leaping,
 Stirring as flame.
 Such a sweet kiss,
 But he knew only sleep,
 A sacred secret,
 She knew she must keep.
 In even-tide,
 She hurried down,
 Upon his head,
 Her beam, a crown.
 Motionless and remote,
 As if in death,
 He lay oblivious,
 To her sweet breath.
 Who can blame her,
 The moon, Selene?
 Her love, Endymion,
 Is lost in dream.

—Claire Dorsett

Sea Island

The surf is rolling inward,
 Crashing on the shore,
 Wave over wave is tumbling
 In a great majestic roar.
 I look at the small white flowers,
 Their cups have lost the dew
 That was there in the earlier morning
 When I came to wait for you.
 Now I see a bumble bee tasting
 The fragrance that they hold,
 And a butterfly flirting around me,
 The color of pale yellow gold.
 I see the boats off in the distance
 Framed by the sky and the sea;
 The clouds gray above them
 Shading the sun from me!
 In spite of all the sun's glory
 Created in heaven above,
 God gives a most wonderful sunshine
 To a man and a woman in love.

—Lloyd Harrison Young

A Fan In Her Hand

By MARIAN MUSTOE

I saw her coming toward me as I walked down the street, and thought, "Oh gosh! Here we go again." She drew nearer, her piercing blue eyes gleaming, and laid her hand on my arm. "You know, my dear," she said in a low conspiratorial tone, "I was once the most beautiful woman in New Orleans. I was born there, and they always said I would be a belle. You should have seen the young men gape when I made my debut! They started coming in streams to court me, and my father used to say he got tired of brushing them off the furniture. Oh, those were the days! Always bringing me candy and flowers, and taking me to all the balls, they were. I always had more dances than any of the other girls, and I was queen of Mardi Gras for two years! It was so beautiful, and . . ."

She kept on chattering in her gruff, yet childlike voice, as I tried unsuccessfully to loose myself from her hold and continue on my way. But when I walked on, she stayed right beside me, her hand resting lightly, yet firmly, on my arm. A look of ecstasy had come into her eyes, as she transported herself back through the years to a time of beauty and excitement that she had once known.

For as long as I could remember, Mrs. Pitts had been our favorite town character, and this was not the first time I had been accosted by her. Not much was known about her, except that she actually had been born and lived in New Orleans, and some of her wild stories were reputed to be true. She was generally referred to by the older people as, "Batty as a loon."

I can remember taking a dare as a child, and being too full of childish pride to back out, sneaking down to her ramshackle hut by the river and, trembling with fearful excitement, peeking through the dusty window. The interior of the shack was just as dingy as the outside, and at first I could see nothing but gloom. Then I saw Mrs. Pitts, her stooped, black clothed form illuminated by a flickering lantern, seated in a rocking chair. She was rocking back and forth, and muttering wildly to herself. Every so often she would press her hands together, and cocking her head to one side, laughed coquettishly at some imaginary beau.

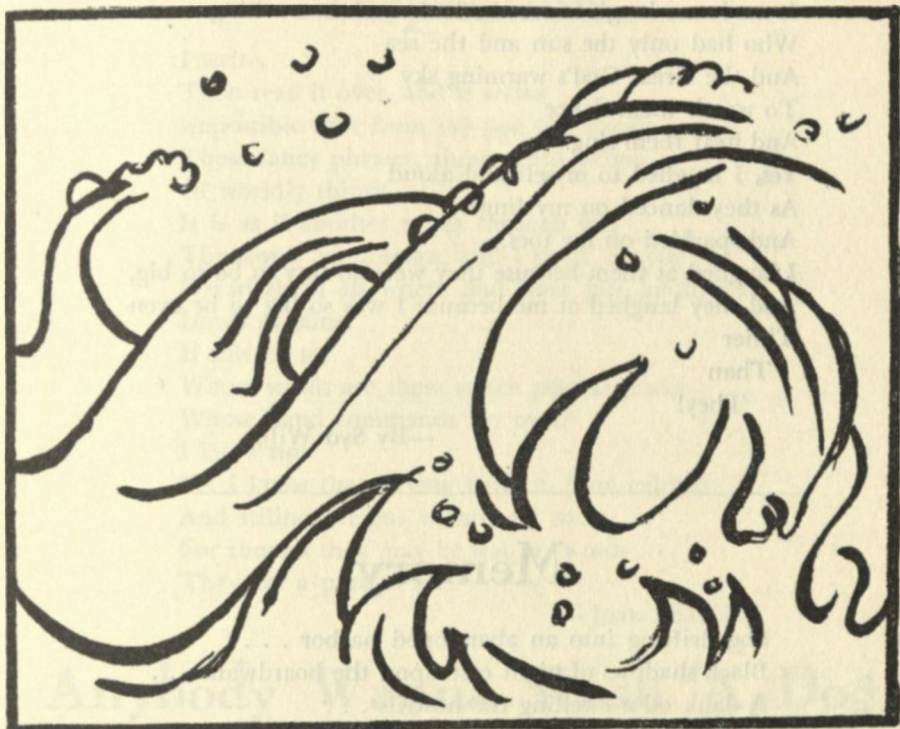
The sight repelled, yet fascinated me, and I stared, open mouthed, at the strange creature. Suddenly she leaped to her feet, and glared angrily at the window. Terrified, I turned and ran, stumbling over unseen objects, back up the road to where my friends waited. Breathlessly, I told them that I had seen the witch, as we called her, talking to herself, and we decided that she must have been casting a spell on someone. Quickly, we left for our respective homes, glancing over our shoulders often to see if some evil being was coming out of the river after us.

With her wildly blowing, salt-and-pepper hair, and hooked nose, Mrs. Pitts looked indeed like the typical child's version of a witch. We used to follow her after school sometimes, never in groups of less than four, and with the heartless cruelty of children cry, "Ole Mrs. Pitts! Doesn't have her wits!" Usually she completely ignored us, but if she ever looked in our direction, we would run, and live in terror for days that she had cast a spell on us.

The only time she ever paid any attention to us was one day when a group of boys were tormenting a ragged, scrawny dog, whose body was eaten by mange. She swooped down on them out of nowhere, and scattered panic stricken bullies in all directions. Grabbing up the miserable animal, she clutched him to her worn black coat, and departed for her hut, holding the dog and crooning softly to him. After that she was never seen without the dog as she roamed the streets, looking for someone to talk to.

One day after I had told my mother about teasing Mrs. Pitts, she said, "You shouldn't torment the poor creature, dear. All her life she was surrounded by people who admired and loved her. She was used to music, and beauty, and happiness, and now all that is gone, and she is lonely. The only way she can find her happy past again is by dreaming and talking about it, so she has given up the present completely, and is living in the past. She is an object of pity, not ridicule."

Mrs. Pitts stayed more and more in her cabin as years went by, and was seen on the streets only occasionally, her figure more stooped than ever under the perpetual black coat, and the little dog trotting faithfully at her heels. Then one day, after no one had seen her for almost a month, she was discovered sitting in her rocking chair, the dog whimpering at her feet. In her hand was clutched an old and faded ivory fan, and the tired eyes stared glassily at nothing. Death had wiped the wild look from her face, and looking closely, one could almost imagine that she had once been beautiful. A smile was stamped eternally on the corners of her mouth, and her head was cocked to one side, as if she were listening for the rustle of silk and the sound of music playing. Mrs. Pitts had finally escaped altogether from the world she could not accept, and had returned home.



Sprinkled Thought

One day I sat by the sea in the sand
And I watched the great pink sun
And I watched the white blue waves
As they rose and fell and rose . . .
And I listened
And I smiled;
My heart smiled inside because I heard a song.

What it was I cannot say,
But I know that the droplets were happy
And I know the prism droplets were gay.
And as I watched
The white danced with the green
The blue twirled with the gray
And they slashed and sprinkled all together
They tumbled high and low
Over my fingers and over my toes
And made me laugh.

It made me laugh to see the little no-human things
 Who had only the sun and the sea
 And the Great God's warming sky
 To watch them dance
 And hear them sing.
 Yes, I laughed to myself and aloud
 As they danced on my fingers
 And sparkled on my toes.
 I laughed at them because they were so tiny to be so big,
 And they laughed at me because I was so big to be even
 Tinier
 Than
 They!

—By Syd Willis

Memory

Fog drifting into an abandoned harbor . . .
 Black shadows of night cast upon the boardwalk . . .
 A dank odor swelling the nostrils . . .
 A lonely silhouette staring into the depths
 of the water . . .

A laughing memory mocking its creator . . .
 No relief to dampen the ember of mind . . .
 Crashing cymbals in the distant soul chamber . . .
 A quietness that screams with rage . . .
 A cold dampness failing to cool the fiery
 beads of perspiration.

A disease that cannot be cured by human means . . .
 A lingering that gnaws at the heart,
 tearing it to shreds . . .
 The memory laughs louder . . . grows brighter . . .

Yet one day it will begin to fade . . .
 It's laugh will grow into a soft smile . . .
 What is this power of transformation?

Some say it's just the coming and going of
 the tide . . .

Others say it's the everlasting fog . . .
 But I call it time . . .

Doris Chitwood

Inspiration

I write,
 Then read it over, and it seems
 Impossible that from my pen did stream
 These fancy phrases, these weird words
 Of worldly things.
 It is as if another wrote through me,
 The words are foreign, and I think, maybe
 I read them elsewhere and have put another's
 Down as mine.
 If this be so,
 Whose words are these which pose as mine,
 Whose hand commands my own?
 I know not
 Yet I know that having written, I am calmed
 And stillness reigns within my soul,
 For though they may be not my words,
 They are a part of me.

—Joan Shapiro

Anybody Wanna Wash A Dog

Leave us face it, children,
 It is no simple task,
 To make a smallish mongrel,
 In soapy water bask.
 They run.
 Neither is it easy,
 Having caught the doggy,
 To get the soap into his fur,
 While he is wet and soggy.
 They slip.

When running round the kitchen,
 After mutts who flee,
 Beware of all protruding shelves,
 That crack you on the knee.
 I quit!

This brief advice I've given,
 Should help you quite a lot,
 While you finish bathing Rover, here.
 I know one thing - - - I'm not!

I quit!

Marian Mustoe

Scenes From ABe-Bop's Translation of Hamlet

Act II, Scene I

Polonius: What's the matter, Ophelia?

Ophelia: Oh, Dad I'm scared stiff!

Pol.: By what, in the name of peace???

Oph.: Dad, when I was in my room sewing

Hamlet came in with his shirt-tail out

His crazy hat off, his Argyle socks (which I knitted for him)
dirty

And he stretched and rolled 'round his ankles;

He was white as a sheet

His knees were knocking together

And he looked as gone

As if he'd seen a ghost

And was gonna' 'tell me about it.

Pol.: Mad For love?

Oph.: Dad, I don't know,

But I clue you, I'm afraid that's it.

Pol.: What did he say?

I'm jes' checkin'.

Oph.: He held my hand hard;

Then moved away about an arm's length

And with his other hand on his forehead,

He moons up at my face

Like he might draw a picture of it. He stayed this way for simply years!

At last, shaking my arm a little,

And wagging his head up and down three times he breathed a sigh so
smooth and cool

That he seemed *real* GONE.

After that, he lets me go,

And seemed to feel his way through the doors

Like a blind man, and never stopped looking at me.

Pol.: You'll be mighty keen, good boy, if you check 'de facts of his be-
haviour before you visit him.

Pol.: Here's what I mean

Mark you,

You talk as if in cahoots with him,

Knowing the latest Be-bop joints

And all the cats and chickens
That hang out there;
He'll be sure to answer you:
'Crazy, man crazy,' or so, or 'Munch', or 'Dig that nervous keed'
Whatever the slang phrase or greeting
of Joe College—you get me don't you, Reynaldo?
Rey.: I dig you, Sir.

By Sara McGee

"The last word of the law
 is a word of love, and it is
 that word that I want to say to you."

"I want to know you."

"I want to know you, as you are, as you are,
 as you are, as you are, as you are."

"I want to know you, as you are, as you are,
 as you are, as you are, as you are."

"I want to know you, as you are, as you are,
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"I want to know you, as you are, as you are,
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